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Ceremonies Attending the
PRESENTATION AND UNVEILING
of the
North Carolina Memorial
on the
Battlefield of Gettysburg



Wednesday, July 3rd
1929

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AN ACT TO CREATE THE NORTH CAROLINA GETTYSBURG MEMORIAL COMMISSION AND TO PRESCRIBE ITS POWERS AND DUTIES.*

The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

Section 1. That for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial to the soldiers of North Carolina who fought and to those who lost their lives upon the battlefield of Gettysburg a commission to be known as the North Carolina Gettysburg Memorial Commission is hereby created. The said commission shall consist of fifteen members to be appointed by the governor of the State, five of whom shall be appointed from the membership of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina, and five of whom shall be appointed from the membership of the official organization of the Confederate Veterans of North Carolina. The Governor of the State shall be ex officio chairman of the commission.

Sec. 2. The said commission shall be, and it is hereby created a body politic and corporate under the name and style of "The North Carolina Gettysburg Memorial Commission."

Sec. 3. The said commission shall continue in existence and the members appointed thereto shall retain their membership thereon until the objects for which said commission is created shall have been attained and report thereof made to the next ensuing General Assembly. In the event of the death or resignation of any member the vacancy shall be filled by the governor. The members of said commission shall receive no compensation. Membership on said commission shall not be construed to be an office within the meaning of section seven of article fourteen of the Constitution of North Carolina.

Sec. 4. The commission shall meet in Raleigh not later than the fifteenth of July, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, upon call of the Governor of the State as ex officio chairman of the commission. At such meeting the commission shall elect such officers in addition to the chairman as the commission shall deem necessary to enable it to properly carry out the provisions of this act. The commission shall have power to fix the time and place of its subsequent meetings, to enter into contracts, and to do any and all things necessary to properly perform the duties imposed upon it by this act.

Sec. 5. The commission hereby created is specifically charged with the duty of erecting a suitable monument to the soldiers of North Carolina upon the battlefield of Gettysburg, to be located in conformity with the rules and regulations of the United States Government in relation thereto; and they shall cause to be inscribed upon said monument the true story of the acts and deeds of the North Carolina troops upon that battlefield.

Sec. 6. The commission is authorized to accept donations from any source, and to use the same, together with the appropriations made for this purpose by this General Assembly, in carrying out the provisions of this act.

*Public Laws of North Carolina, 1927, Chapter 54, pages 89-90.

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Sec. 7. The entire appropriations made to the Gettysburg Memorial under schedule six miscellaneous, sub-section nine, of section one of the appropriation act,† or so much thereof as may be necessary in addition to the other funds required by the commission for the purposes of this act shall be expended by the commission in the erection of the memorial herein provided for.

Sec. 8. This act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

Ratified this the 26th day of February, A.D. 1927.

† The appropriations were \$15,000 for 1927-28 and \$35,000 for 1928-29.



NORTH CAROLINA'S MEMORIAL TO HER SOLDIERS
IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Program of Exercises
At the Unveiling of
The North Carolina Memorial

Music—"America"	U. S. ARMY BAND, FRONT ROYAL
Invocation	DR. N. A. SEAGLE
Address	GOVERNOR O. MAX GARDNER
Presentation of the Memorial	ANGUS W. MCLEAN
Acceptance	MAJOR GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM
Unveiling	ARCHIBALD CRAIGE, LUCY MOREHEAD, HECTOR MCLEAN, CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS
Music—"Star Spangled Banner"	

Address

By O. MAX GARDNER, *Governor of North Carolina*

The first cornerstone of a monument is laid in the hearts of a people.

We are met today to unveil a memorial to those North Carolina soldiers who fought in the War Between the States. Out of respect for, and in loving memory of, the devotion of these men to some simple ideals of honor and duty which we, as a people, live by, North Carolina has caused this monument to be erected. It is fitting and proper that we should do this.

For bravery, for patient endurance of hardship, and for unswerving fidelity to the cause for which they fought, the record of the soldiers from North Carolina is unexcelled in the annals of warfare. A monument similar to this might properly be erected on a score of battlefields, for North Carolina, while characteristically slow to enter the Civil War, gave more in blood and treasure to the Southern cause, once she became committed to it, than any other State. On this spot, "The High-water Mark of the Confederacy," the farthest waves of that bloody tide which finally spent itself and broke on the scarred crest of Cemetery Ridge were North Carolina boys, members of the immortal 26th North Carolina Regiment. Pettigrew's Brigade did not lose a single prisoner in this charge, but it lost in killed and wounded over 1,100 men, including many of its best officers.

Yet, time and nature heal the wounds made by war and I was impressed as I drove out here this morning by the peaceful beauty of this place. But for these memorials, who would now be reminded of the fact that 66 years ago one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles in the history of the world was fought here? I am told by people who visited the scene that the battlefield of Argonne presented

a terrible spectacle of desolation at the cessation of hostilities in 1918, yet when I visited it last summer, nature had been so rapid and complete in its work of restoration that scarcely a reminder of that former dreary waste was discernible. After the lapse of a few short years that which had been "No Man's Land" was green with grass and grain and blossoming with the smile of beauty and plenty. Indeed, it seemed to me there, in the hush of that perfect summer afternoon, with the quiet beauty of the fields inviting one to rest and reflection, that all nature was trying to beguile men into forgetfulness of the tragedy, heartaches, and sorrows of war.

On the Confederate Monument at Arlington is engraved this inscription: "Not for fame, not for wealth, not for renown, nor goaded by necessity, nor lured by ambition—but in simple obedience to duty, these men suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all, and died." We rejoice today that the bitterness engendered by that terrible struggle between the North and South has been forgotten, but North Carolina can never forget that in obedience to her command 40,000 of her bravest and best young men marched to their death, and reverence for the quality of soul which sustained the men of both sides who fought in this struggle is a part of the common heritage of our race and is imperishable.

Presentation Address

By ANGUS W. MCLEAN, *Former Governor of North Carolina*

Sixty-six years ago upon this field was fought one of the most important battles of all history, a battle in which one hundred and sixty thousand Americans participated. Of these, one hundred thousand were clad in blue, while sixty thousand wore the grey. Here titanic forces struggled for mastery, with such heroism and grim determination that the very word "Gettysburg" has come to symbolize courage and carnage. Indeed, Gettysburg vies with Waterloo as being the most famous battle in the annals of warfare. Here the tide of the Confederacy swept to its crest, paused and receded. Here confidence was born in the Union Army which enabled it to endure the terrific punishment of the Wilderness Campaigns, Cold Harbor and Spottsylvania, and which carried it to ultimate victory at Appomattox.

Although the war was to continue its bloody course for nearly two weary years thereafter, here was sprung the arch upon which the Confederate cause rested. Here was fought a battle the effect of which upon the history of the world was destined to be as far reaching as Marathon or Chalons.

It is useless at this time to search out and to attempt to relate the causes leading up to this martial array of the manhood of America in the greatest death struggle ever staged upon this continent. Over the fateful controversy not only time, but the experience of re-union and a common patriotism have spread a veil through which there shines a light of common glory imperishable.

The people of New York, of Pennsylvania, of Virginia and of North Carolina can now regard the field of Gettysburg as a joint and precious heritage, for it was here, that in the fiery furnace of war was fused into a new metal,

the amalgam which symbolizes our American character and destiny. Here was written a new amendment to our Constitution—an amendment which although fiercely debated for fifty years could not be agreed upon, but which was here destined to be written into the Constitution in the crimson of the best blood of the land.

What is and will ever be an inspiration to all who ponder these fields, whose fertility is enhanced by the effusion of their blood, is the quality of the men who engaged here in a battle, the immediate strategic result of which was not apparent at the time, but which was, nevertheless, in its final results, one of the most decisive in history. It is inspiring to reflect that those who in the famous charge carried the assault at the point of the bayonet, and those who received the shock, equally shed immortal lustre and renown upon the name of America. The infantry of Lee that could march through the valley of death almost with the precision of a dress parade were men who, a short while before, had come from the farms and villages of the rural South. Their ways and their lives had been those of peace. They were without martial training or ambition. Yet the horsemen of Stuart, the famous foot-cavalry of Jackson, Lee's "incomparable infantry," had performed miracles in battle greater than those which Napoleon called forth from the professional soldiers composing his "old guard," and the men who, behind the stone walls of Cemetery Ridge could watch without wavering the oncoming hosts of Pickett's and Pettigrew's immortal divisions; who could endure for hours what was till then the greatest artillery duel ever staged, and bear it unflinchingly, also possessed those qualities of intrepid courage which have characterized the American soldier from the days of the Revolution to the days of the World War.

Whence came the power inherent in these unschooled troops to perform brilliant marches, to carry out deadly charges, to interpose the stubborn and courageous defences

that illumine the records of both sides in this epochal struggle? Surely from nothing less than the morale which springs from a deep conviction of the righteousness and justice of their cause; which is concerned not so much with the quarrel as with the principle; and which follows a belief and sanctifies a faith to the final sacrifice. To such men handicaps became an incentive; courage became their creed, and death their accolade. It was at once the pity and the glory of those days of exaltation that there flamed impartially in the breast of the Southern and Northern soldier—Americans all—a sense of duty that could not be reconciled except on such a field as this of Gettysburg. Such, my countrymen, were the men who struggled and died here.

It is the advantage of an occasion like this, when we are met to commemorate a great record of valour, that we can renew and refresh our faith in our common ancestry, whose devotion to their cause brought them into this fierce combat. This idea was well expressed by that great and impartial journal, the *London Spectator*, a few years ago, when it said:

It is now over half a century since the last shot was fired in the most desperate war in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. Nowadays we see that great struggle in clearer perspective, and we can judge the causes for which the combatants fought with some reasonable perception of their value to mankind. But the chief interest of the war lies in the fact that it was a genuine conflict of idealisms, fervently held and loyally followed by both sides. No struggle has been grimmer and yet none has been less stained by the darkest passions of war.

So, sixty-six years ago, this great battle came to pass, much in the manner of a thunderstorm, beginning with intermittent flashes of lightning and the rumble of distant thunder.

From Bethel to Gettysburg the fight raged on—even from Sumter to fateful Appomattox, which marked the end.

Viewing the four years' struggle from any standpoint, Gettysburg attracts and holds our attention. It was here

that the high hand of destiny intervened and overruled the aspirations of the South.

Following Chancellorsville, where that great military genius, Stonewall Jackson, was stricken down, Lee decided to abandon defensive warfare and to take the offensive, hoping that a victory on enemy soil would gain foreign recognition for the Confederacy, with consequent material support for the Southern cause. He therefore crossed the Potomac and invaded Pennsylvania, watched by Meade, who carefully kept his army between that of Lee and the city of Washington. Gettysburg, destined to become the nation's shrine, was not then in the picture. Heth's division of Lee's army approached Gettysburg, where he unexpectedly came in contact with brigades of Buford's Federal cavalry. Skirmishing followed; both sides hurriedly called for reinforcements, and thus what finally became the great battle unexpectedly developed. The fight, having thus started on July 1st, steadily augmented until the final *crescendo* of July 3rd.

Ewell's corps arrived during the first day. Of his divisions Rhodes' arrived first, including Iverson's North Carolina brigade, and the brigades of Daniels, Ramseur and Hoke. In Hill's division was Pettigrew's brigade, and under Pender were Lane and Scales. In Davis' brigade was the 55th North Carolina under Connally. Of the sixteen brigades engaged the first day on the Confederate side, seven were from North Carolina.

Pettigrew's brigade, composed of the 11th, 26th, 47th and 52nd regiments was, with other Confederate troops, thrown against the famous "Iron Brigade" of the Federal army, whose boast it was that it had never known defeat.

Here was the grim setting for a duel—two veteran brigades, one in blue, the other in grey, with both of whom victory had become an established habit.

Through the wheatfield, tumbling and pitching on death, ranks closing to fill the horrible gaps cut by the

Federal artillery, these fearless Southerners moved steadily forward against the heights fronting them which soon were sheeted with flame. The rebel yell shrills out, there is a surge forward, and the "Iron Brigade," for the first time in its history, breaks and falls back to Seminary Ridge. Once more the charge is sounded. Once more the regiments in grey press forward, and Seminary Ridge has been captured for General Lee.

It is the ground upon which two days later the Confederates are to take their stand and against overwhelming odds make their bid for final victory. Of the three thousand who marched through the wheatfield on this parade with death, less than two thousand remained to consolidate their position. The 26th North Carolina alone lost in this engagement 28 officers and 468 men, including its gallant Colonel Harry K. Burgwyn.

Iverson's brigade on that first day also fought a magnificent fight. Single handed it was thrown against a Federal division posted in a railroad cut. Here, without faltering, it charged almost up to the very wall itself, and the dead lay so thick that one could walk from one end of the line to the other upon the bodies of the slain. The brigades of Iverson and Scales were almost destroyed, Iverson reporting the loss of over 500 men in his brigade alone.

All seven North Carolina brigades engaged that day fought desperately and sustained severe losses.

On the second day Lee proposed to assault both flanks of the Federals and gain possession of the commanding eminences known as Culp's Hill and Roundtop. Among other assaults Hoke's North Carolina brigade (temporarily commanded by the valiant Avery) and Hayes' Louisiana brigade are directed to take Cemetery Hill, the commanding eminence on the right flank of the Federal position. On this sector they repeat the triumph of the first day, reach the hill which is considered the key to the Federal position, and occupy it. Unfortunately Avery is killed at the mo-

ment of temporary triumph. Ewell, however, fails to realize the importance of the position thus won with so much of sacrifice, and that night Hoke's brigade unwillingly obeys the order to retire. Elsewhere the Southerners had suffered reverses on that day. It was here that the gallant Pender, the Christian soldier, who, in the estimation of competent military men, ranked among the highest, received the wound from which he died.

During the night which followed the second day's battle, reinforcements reached both armies, and Lee, encouraged by the success of the previous fighting, and by the arrival of Pickett's division and Stuart's cavalry, decided to renew the battle and force a final decision. Meade's council of war reached the same conclusion, and so the morning of the third day found the preliminary plans fully developed and both armies confronting each other in battle array. Volumes have been written of this day's engagement, but all that can be said beyond any controversy, is that there was here staged a deathless pageant of battle, till then unequalled in the history of warfare.

Lee ordered Longstreet to make a direct frontal attack upon the Federal forces massed on Cemetery Hill, the assault to be preceded and covered by the fire of all the artillery which the Confederate Army possessed. At one o'clock in the afternoon a signal gun gave warning, and immediately Seminary Ridge shook with the roar of one hundred and fifty Confederate guns pouring a terrific fire upon the Federal forces occupying the opposite heights. Finally Alexander, chief of Confederate artillery, sent word to Longstreet that if the assault was to be made at all, it must be made then as the artillery ammunition was almost exhausted. When this message was delivered, Pickett saluted Longstreet and said: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward," and Longstreet bowed assent.

Forward was the command, and as the bugles to right and left signalled announcement, the magnificent divisions

of Pickett and Pettigrew, with the supporting troops, moved forward into the valley of death. What chance and overwhelming odds had confused, valour endeavored now to redeem. As the guns ceased their roar the shock troops of the South put the issue to the test, and fifteen thousand men marched forward in the hope of achieving the miracle of victory.

In the front line marched thirteen Virginia and five North Carolina regiments; in the second line marched five Virginia and ten North Carolina regiments. The North Carolina brigades of Pettigrew, Scales and Lane were in these advancing lines, as were also other troops from other Southern States.

As the Confederates debouch on this last high offensive venture, the Union guns, silent till then, suddenly come to life. Their fire has been withheld to meet this very assault. All the Federal artillery is turned on the Confederates who, in the pattern of ancient chivalry, advance in the open. Their muskets are at right shoulder shift. Killed and wounded mark their path, but still the ranks close and still on they come. Behind stone walls, along the fences of a transverse road the Union infantry lurks and attacks the brave Southerners. Still on they come! Fire pours in upon them from the front and from the flanks. *On*, and the cannon now fire at point blank range upon them. Great gaps are cut into the living ranks! They close up, and move steadily forward! Finally, at the double quick, the heights are reached, and here and there a huddled handful reach and surmount the stone walls. Armistead, of New Bern, waving his cap upon the point of his sword, falls dead within the wall. Guns are spiked; soldiers fight fiercely hand to hand; clubbed muskets are used, standards are planted. The heights have been carried and the Confederacy is at the crest of its high tide. But Federal reinforcements come thronging up, the Confederates are caught on all sides by enfilading fire in

a very trap of death. No *reinforcements* reach *them*; there had been *delays* that have *never* been *satisfactorily* explained. The high tide ebbs; the effort failed; and the broken fragments of the Southern columns drift sullenly back down the slopes whence they came. Here they were met by Lee, who, with tears in his eyes, magnanimously took upon himself responsibility for the failure.

But Lee did not really fail. He was never more triumphant than at this moment fraught as it undoubtedly was with even greater peril to his stricken army. The military critic of the *London Spectator*, after describing Gettysburg, says of him: "He was probably the greatest soldier since Napoleon, the embodiment of every gift of mind and character. . . . Every day his power grew and his last campaign is a flawless example of how a great force may be baffled with slender resources. And with it all he remained the ideal of a Christian soldier, humble, courteous, gentle, so that with Sir John Moore he may stand as the true type of the Happy Warrior."

In this connection let me say that we have been highly honored in the selection of a site for this memorial in such close proximity to the magnificent equestrian statue of General Lee, the gift of our sister state of Virginia. The devotion to this matchless leader displayed by North Carolinians, who followed him to the end, was surpassed by none—not even by the valorous sons of his native state.

While we are met here especially to honor the North Carolina heroes of this momentous conflict, I cannot let the occasion pass without expressing admiration for and paying tribute to the valour here displayed by the soldiers of Virginia, with whom North Carolinians have stood, shoulder to shoulder, in every struggle from the fight for American Independence to this hour.

Our past failure to erect a suitable memorial on this battlefield has not been due to any lack of appreciation of the part North Carolina troops took in this battle, but it

was entirely due to a proud poverty now proudly overcome. Throughout the years, that devoted band of women, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, never ceased to call the attention of those in authority to the State's responsibility to those who died upon this field.

It was largely due to the urgent insistence of the Committee of the Daughters of the Confederacy, of which Mrs. Marshall Williams was chairman, that in 1927, while Governor of the State, I included in my message, an appeal to the General Assembly to provide the necessary funds for this memorial.

Hon. Walter Murphy and Judge N. A. Townsend rendered distinguished service in the presentation of the matter in the Committees; and on the floor of the assembly their superb management resulted in an unanimous vote.

It afforded me distinct pleasure, as the son of a Confederate soldier, to throw the weight of my official influence into this movement. Pursuant to the act authorizing the appropriation, I appointed the following on the part of the State, as members of the North Carolina Gettysburg Memorial Commission: Mrs. Marshall Williams, Mrs. J. Dolph Long, Mrs. Felix Harvey, Sr., Mrs. L. B. Nowell, Mrs. Glen Long, Capt. Dougald Stewart, Capt. Samuel S. Nash, H. C. McQueen, Col. Virgil S. Lusk, General Albert L. Cox, William A. Erwin, Pollock Burgwyn, A. L. Brooks, Major W. C. Heath, and Col. A. H. Boyden, who recently passed to his reward, after devoting much of his life first to service in the Confederate army itself, and second in caring for the widows and orphans of his former comrades in arms. He was to have taken official part in these exercises, and his presence is sorely missed by those of us who came under his benign influence.

An advisory commission was appointed to serve with the Memorial Commission, in choosing a design, composed of W. W. Fuller, of New York; Major Bruce Cotten, of

Baltimore; Major Daniel M. Barringer, of Philadelphia, and George Gordon Battle, of New York—all native sons of North Carolina. To the work of the Commission and Advisory Commission I would pay deserved tribute. They performed well the difficult task laid upon them, and are assured of the sincere gratitude of those who cherish the memory of the gallant soldiers whose heroic deeds are represented in the fine effigy we now behold.

Having aided so materially in securing an appropriation for the State Memorial, the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, determined to erect, by their own efforts and with their own funds, handsome markers which complete the beauty of the State Memorial, and which will also be presented today.

A great poet has said that "battles are fought by the mothers of men"; and that "back of every brave soldier is a brave woman." Peculiarly was this true of the old South. Our soldiers who fought here had back of them a great gallery of Spartan womanhood. They fought with the consciousness that their conduct was applauded by their loved ones at home. Those who survived came back to a comradeship and fealty that preserved for them the benevolent illusion that in spite of everything they had been victorious.

It is true that all this is of the past, but it is not buried. It is neither dead nor forgotten. It lives and grows and contributes to the spirit, the hope and the aspirations of this great nation we call *America*. We cannot forget, our Daughters of the Confederacy will not let us forget the record of imperishable valour and devotion to duty, stamped, by our fathers, upon this historic field.

The Memorial now presented is the work of the noted sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, who is with us today. He has, in a masterly way, interpreted in bronze the spirit and purpose of the North Carolinians who took part in this great battle. The heroic group represents five typical

North Carolina soldiers. Four of the group have just emerged from a small wooded area. As they come out of it into the open, they suddenly see the awful struggle in front of them. The Federals are just across a small ravine, both sides of which are covered with fighting men, many of them wounded and dying. The field has been torn with shot and shell. The leader of the group pushes forward determined on his grim task; the younger man just behind him is stunned momentarily at the awful sight; the bearded soldier to his left, realizing what is taking place in the youth's mind, draws close to him and whispers confidence. The color bearer in the rear presses forward, holding the flag aloft and well to the front of the group. At their right, one knee on the ground, is an officer encouraging his men, his presence and wounds indicating that the struggle has been in progress sometime. Each of them knows that he is rushing into the very jaws of death, never to return, and yet he does not falter. The whole group discloses spirited action and typifies North Carolina troops as they charge up the heights of Cemetery Hill.

In presenting this Memorial on behalf of the North Carolina Gettysburg Memorial Commission, I am moved with admiration as I behold a beautiful work of art, but a deeper sense of pride wells up in my heart as I contemplate the spirit it typifies—not a spirit of partisanship, nor of envy of another section, but a spirit of supreme devotion to our common country, its traditions and its aspirations. We no longer think in terms of physical combat, but in terms of peaceful progress. Towards our national government, into whose keeping this Memorial is this day given, no State feels or manifests a more loyal spirit than North Carolina. We may disagree with other states or sections upon some public questions, we may exercise a wholesome independence in the pursuit of our tasks, but to defend the flag of our beloved country we

would give our all. This attitude has been fully demonstrated since the battle fought here.

When the war with Spain came, we were not only ready and anxious to defend our country, but the blood of a North Carolina naval officer was the first to be shed in that struggle.

Sacrifices in that war were not so great as those we had theretofore undergone, or those we were destined to undergo in later years, when in defence of democracy the United States entered the World War. North Carolina then blazed with patriotic fervor from one end to the other, and our people contributed most liberally in men and money.

It became the high privilege of troops from our State, shoulder to shoulder with their comrades from New York, to break the most stubborn line ever flung across a battlefield. The same American spirit that moved those who made the gallant charge at Gettysburg under the "Stars and Bars" was regnant in those who broke the Hindenburg line under the Stars and Stripes. And that same spirit exists today and will continue to exist until the flood gates of life close in eternal rest.

And so, my friends, in a golden mist of American valour lies Gettysburg. Sectional lines no longer mar its peaceful slopes. No longer do we recognize in its clouds of imperishable glory the devices of its flags. Yonder dying sun reflects from this field one flag and one alone—the glorious emblem of our common country.

With a feeling of pride inspired by the valour of our fathers who here offered upon the altar of their country "the last full measure of devotion"; with tender sentiments for the cause they represented, and with unreserved love for the reunited Nation in which we live and strive today, I give this Memorial into the keeping of the United States of America.

When in the years to come, it shall catch the morning's first gleam and reflect the last rays of the setting sun, my prayer is that it shall inspire all who behold it to emulate the glorious valour and patriotic devotion to duty, which characterized those brave North Carolinians, who under the leadership of the immortal Lee fought and died upon this field.

Acceptance Address

By B. F. CHEATHAM, *Major-General, U. S. Army,*
The Quartermaster-General

As the representative of the Secretary of War, I am here today to accept this masterful group of bronze figures, the conception of one of our most distinguished artists, which has been erected by the State of North Carolina in memory of her sons who fought and died at Gettysburg.

Before doing so permit me to pay my tribute of respect and admiration to the fighting men of North Carolina. History records nothing finer than the persistent gallantry of these men on this field. Always opposed by superior numbers and with the advantage of position against them, their courage, discipline and leadership carried them to the very muzzles of the guns, and left them there in line.

All this happened a long time ago. Nature has obliterated the scars of battle from this beautiful spot where a desperate conflict once raged, and in our hearts too the scars are covered over by a kindly providence, which has taken away the pain yet permitted to remain every sentiment of pride, honor and intense admiration for the heroic accomplishment of our fathers.

It is my very great privilege to accept this memorial on behalf of the War Department, and, as Quartermaster General of the Army, who is charged by law with the administration of the National Military Parks, I promise that it will always be given loving care and protection.

1863

NORTH CAROLINA

TO THE ETERNAL GLORY OF THE NORTH CAROLINA SOLDIERS, WHO ON THIS BATTLEFIELD, DISPLAYED HEROISM UNSURPASSED, SACRIFICING ALL IN SUPPORT OF THEIR CAUSE, THEIR VALOROUS DEEDS WILL BE ENSHRINED IN THE HEARTS OF MEN LONG AFTER THESE TRANSIENT MEMORIALS HAVE CRUMBLED INTO DUST.

THIRTY TWO NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENTS WERE IN ACTION AT GETTYSBURG JULY 1, 2, 3, 1863. ONE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN EVERY FOUR WHO FELL HERE WAS A NORTH CAROLINIAN.

THIS TABLET ERECTED BY THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Program of Exercises

At the Presentation of Marker by the North Carolina
Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy

Music—"Dixie" U. S. ARMY BAND, FRONT ROYAL

Greetings from the Governor of Pennsylvania

ADJUTANT GENERAL F. D. BEARY

Introduction of the President of the North Carolina

Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy

GOVERNOR O. MAX GARDNER

Introduction of the Speaker MRS. E. L. MCKEE

Presentation of the Marker MRS. MARSHALL WILLIAMS

Acceptance MAJOR GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM

Unveiling FRANK FULLER, III, DOROTHY LONG,
MARY NELANE, E. L. MCKEE, JR.

Music—"The Old North State"

Address WALTER MURPHY

Music

PAGES

MRS. EDWIN JOSEY

MISS MARY LEWIS HARVEY	MISS EDWINA MARTIN
MISS CORA HARRIS	MISS ELIZABETH COOPER
MISS MARTHA BAILEY HAWKINS ANDREWS	

HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE

MRS. I. W. FAISON	MRS. H. L. RIGGINS
MRS. WALTER WOODARD	MRS. T. E. SPRUNT
MRS. JOHN ANDERSON	

Address

By F. D. BEARY, *The Adjutant General of Pennsylvania*

Your Excellency, Governor Gardner, Members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Friends:

I am directed by Honorable John S. Fisher, the Governor of Pennsylvania, to express to you all and particularly to you, Governor Gardner, his sincere regrets that conditions beyond his control have prevented him from being present on this most pleasing occasion.

As a keen student of the history of the growth of our Nation, Governor Fisher was particularly desirous of being present on an occasion of this kind and is very, very much disappointed that he could not be with you.

Personally, it is a great pleasure to me to meet here on this field with the descendants of some of those who came here 66 years ago in defense of what to them was a sacred principle.

The God of Battles decided that contest, and the growth and prosperity and influence of our nation today, and the happy cordial auspices under which we meet here all point to the divine infallibility.

May I congratulate the citizens of North Carolina, especially the Daughters of the Confederacy, and you, Sir, on this wonderful memorial and assure you that Pennsylvania fully appreciates the splendid spirit which occasioned its erection.

Address

By MRS. E. L. MCKEE, *President of the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy*

This is a proud and happy moment for the North Carolina Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It is an event to which we have long looked forward with eager anticipation — the realization of a long-cherished dream—the culmination of a hope to which for seventeen years, we have clung with a tenacity of purpose that has never wavered nor turned aside.

What has there been in this purpose that has held our unswerving interest and loyalty through the years? Has it been a mere desire on our part to mark the spot on which 66 years ago our fathers met and were engaged in bloody conflict with their Northern brothers? By no means. In my opinion that would be a purpose unworthy of seventeen years' effort. Have we been actuated solely by a desire to immortalize the courage and the endurance of our fathers? Truly that would be a worthy motive, but we must remember that bravery and even heroism are not confined to any group or class or nation of people. These are fairly common even among the uncivilized. No, my friends, this monument and marker, North Carolina's tribute to her sons who battled here, have a message greater even than the story of the unsurpassed valour of the men who wore the grey. Through these memorials we are seeking to tell the world that on this spot there was exhibited, in unparalleled measure, that trait of character, which from the beginning has been the source of America's greatness—the willingness—the sublime willingness to sacrifice all for a cause.

How proud we may be that in every war in which Americans have participated they have been impelled to fight in the defense of a principle. Our first conflict, the Revolution, was not so much a struggle for independence

as it was a rebellion against the injustice of tyranny of taxation without representation, and so on through the years to our last great conflict when thousands of Americans from North and South crossed the seas and battled for what we all conceived to be a glorious principle.

And thank God, this American characteristic has led her sons not only into the grime and the gore of the battlefield. This same infinite faith in and unfaltering loyalty to a cause has sent her Asburys out across the western frontier and her Stanleys into darkest Africa, for although both these men were English by birth, they were Americans by adoption and by training.

It is gratifying to know that the Government of these United States has caught the vision of our purpose here and has sent its representatives to join with us in paying a tribute to our Southern heroes, who, after all, were American heroes, and, true to their American ideals and traditions, fought and sacrificed all here at Gettysburg in the defense of their cause. How we do honor and glorify the broad vision and deep understanding of this government of ours. It seems to me that never have I loved my country so tenderly as I do today.

In the accomplishment of an objective there is to be found, almost invariably, one leading spirit. It is a source of gratification that we have with us today the leading spirit in this movement which has resulted in the placing here of North Carolina's Memorial, and it is entirely fitting that she should address us on this occasion.

A past president of the North Carolina Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, and a leader also in all phases of the civic and cultural and philanthropic activities in her state, she is, and has been for years, an outstanding personage in North Carolina—a woman whom any state might well be proud to claim. In the World War she sent four stalwart sons into the service of their country. In her personality we find a rare combination of

the grace and charm of the old South with the clear viewpoint and practical efficiency of the modern American woman. She might well have been the inspiration of Tennyson's lines: "Faithful, gentle, good, wearing the rose of true womanhood."

It is a happy privilege to present to you Mrs. Marshall Williams, of Faison, North Carolina.

Presentation Address

By MRS. MARSHALL WILLIAMS, *Member of the North Carolina
Gettysburg Memorial Commission*

Said Stephen Vincent Benet:

*Thirteen sisters beside the sea
Built a house called Liberty
And locked the doors with a stately key.*

They wrote a Constitution in which each state should be free.

By and by there was rumbling within from Massachusetts and others.

Then the territories knocked loudly at the door; rumblings again, and the very constitutionality of the Constitution was questioned.

At last broke the tempest like a veritable cyclone over the panorama of the Republic, and brother fought brother; here loomed up Gettysburg on a crimson field of glory, leaving both sides a noble story.

"The erection of monuments and markers is a custom which dates back to remote ages. It is the offspring of exalted sentiment and high ideals." The Southern people have erected to their Confederate dead more memorials in stone, bronze and marble than any other people of any age have ever done in any land. Nearly every county in North Carolina has a Confederate monument. As far back as 1915 the United Daughters of the Confederacy had erected over 700 monuments; many have been costly and imposing. The one at Fairmont, Kentucky, to Davis, is next in height to Washington's monument. The beautiful Confederate monument at Arlington is not only a token of our love, but is a symbol of a generous attitude of the Federal Government.

The Daughters of the Confederacy, backed by the cordial sympathy of Governor McLean, of North Caro-

lina, asked their State Legislature for this monument; and you see today the ready response which the noted sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, has interpreted in bronze. You see our gratitude by the setting we have given the statue, of pink Balfour granite of North Carolina, skillfully wrought by the Johnson Memorial Company of Greensboro, N. C. Major Davis, the Commissioner of the Battlefield, was most generous in the size and location of the plot allotted us, and we are deeply grateful. The only shadow today is the vacant seat of our beloved veteran, General A. H. Boyden, who has so recently "crossed over the river," whose whole heart was in the accomplishment of this memorial.

The U. D. C. organization is unique in that it has accomplished so much when the social and economic problems of the South might have caused despair. Not so with the Daughters, who inherited a spirit of indomitable courage which so possessed them that they were determined, even in defeat, that the valour of their fathers should be acclaimed, saying of them "They shall be known in every latitude and named in every tongue and down through all the ages their story shall be sung." They said, "Come forth O! ye sons of the South! leave your awkward plows, forget the memory of your beautiful homes in ashes, with only the scent of the magnolia and jasmin left! Lift up your heads ye followers of the immortal Lee and Jackson! Remember, you lifted their names higher and higher until they are written on the horizon in letters of gold, making a celestial height which cannot fade away! Come forth and let us decorate you with the Southern Cross of the Legion of Honor. It is not made of rubies or gold, it has no commercial value, but it represents all that was lofty in principle, pure in patriotism and dauntless in courage."

Comparing Verdun and the Marne to episodes of the War Between the States, the British historian, Buchan, in

reviewing the history of mankind thus appraises General Lee: "If you limit the greatest military leaders of all time to a brotherhood of six names you must include Lee." Also, said Buchan: "The War Between the States excelled all others in originality, inventions and individual prowess. It foreshadowed the trench warfare, the Gatling gun, the howitzer, the iron-clad vessels used in the recent great World's War."

Our organization extends from the Atlantic to the sun-kissed Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; aye, into the heart of Mexico, even to Paris.

We have added material comforts to the Confederate soldiers, and we have educated their sons and daughters, having valuable scholarships all over the United States, from Vassar College to Berkley University; also expended handsome sums in prizes for the best essays on Southern history. Some times we are asked, why keep up Southern tradition? In reply to this let us ask, is not Great Britain more interesting because of the distinctive qualities of England, Scotland and Ireland? Let us avoid this avalanche of standardization which tends to cheapen America in the eyes of older nations. Let us cherish the memory of the covered wagon and the pioneer days! Plymouth Rock, Bunker Hill and Puritan ways; the South with her Jamestown, Cavaliers and great days.

Said Captain Sam Ashe of North Carolina: "A cause which is defeated by an appeal to arms, must justify itself by truth and reason at the bar of history." Realizing this, the Daughters of the Confederacy have been collecting history from the men who wrote it in their own blood.

Abraham Lincoln spoke truly when he said: "This is hallowed ground, and upon its soil sleep brave men in blue and gray." Long has this been a hallowed spot to me, for as a child I sat upon my father's knee and heard him describe the battle of Gettysburg. He was Captain Lewis T. Hicks of Co. E, 20th N. C. Regiment. By the

way, I was delighted to find my father's record so well kept in the Confederate archives at Washington. The Government has set aside money for the up-keep and it would be a great mistake for the Southern States to ever move these records from where the care-taker can find them in two minutes.

This, the story from my father's lips and pen of his capture at Gettysburg.*

The battle of Gettysburg lasted three days, July 1, 2, and 3, 1863. That portion of the field I was in was a hilly section covered with growing wheat. The Union Army was on a high hill with a rock fence between us, but owing to the wheat we could not see the rock. The infantry of the enemy was screened by the rock fence—also the artillery, and in our charge down the hill we came so close to the flames from the artillery I had half of my long whiskers burned off. The carnage to my company was great, we carried in three hundred in action, result of two and one-half hours' battle forced us to surrender, and only 62 men out of the 300 left. While the very tongues of death flashed around I jumped up and found myself confronted with a bayonet of a Union soldier pointing at my breast. I grasped the blade and reversed the handle of my sword in a twinkling and offered to surrender. The soldier said in the excitement: "he thought I had run him through and he dropped his gun." By that time I was almost overpowered with other Federals rushing at me, so to protect myself I grabbed up the half dazed Yankee and used him as a breast work. In a few more seconds their passions cooled and they gave me my life. While mingled foe and friend the Federals taunted us with whipping us and called us "Johnny Rebs." We replied: "You did overpower us with numbers but make a ring and we challenge you now to a combat man to man and we will show you who can whip." To their credit they did see fair play, and while we were in this frolic the 12th Alabama came up behind us within fifty yards unseen and unheard, as they rose from their knees the Federals exclaimed: "Look!" The Alabamians fired on friend and foe. I was fronting them, and knowing the firing was coming, I turned sideways; my lieutenant, standing beside me had his head split open, and his brains flew on me. The Federals returned the fire and the man I had used as a breastwork took me captive. While marching along he saw my bare feet bleeding, and my great weariness; he loaned me his horse and gave me a good sized plug of tobacco.

*Memoirs of Captain Lewis T. Hicks, Company E, 20th Regiment, North Carolina Troops.

In the great World War my father had eight grandsons. All were in the service save one who was only 12 years of age. They were officers of the rank of Major, Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign and Lieutenant Commander. Two were badly wounded. One won the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix De Guerre. Most of the men in the 30th Division which helped break the Hindenberg line were boys from the South. The Daughters of the Confederacy are so proud of their record and of the grandsons of direct lineage from the men who wore the gray, they are collecting their records and decorating these boys with a Cross of Service.

The citizens of North Carolina should rejoice today, that a monument is placed here on the best cared for battlefield in the world, that it stands here not only a tribute to valour, but a token of appreciation. North Carolina went into the war reluctantly, but when it once entered, stinted neither in men, in courage, nor in supplies. North Carolina furnished one-fifth of the entire army of the eleven Confederate States, having only one-ninth of the population. She had foresight to purchase the *Advance* and three other vessels; no other state did this. Among the importations was cloth for uniforms which was shared with other states. In the spring of 1865, North Carolina was feeding one-half of Lee's army through her blockade.

Some one has said: "There are sermons in stones," so we hope today the carved leaves on our marker are symbols of the "leaves from the Tree of Life for the healing of nations." As the U. D. C. was organized at Nashville, Tenn., under the bivouac of Major General Frank B. Cheatham, it is most fitting that the illustrious son of an illustrious father should accept our marker on behalf of the Government which he represents with such honor, General B. F. Cheatham.

Acceptance Address

By B. F. CHEATHAM, *Major-General, U. S. Army,*
The Quartermaster-General

It is a very great honor to be invited by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to participate in this ceremony in memory of the men of North Carolina who died here. If there is any one person I honor more than a Confederate soldier it is his wife or sweetheart, whose courage, self-denial and moral support made his record possible. You are the daughters of those women, and today it is your persistent effort which finally brings about the erection of monuments and the marking of historic spots where your fathers fought, more than sixty years ago. May I offer you my congratulations upon the accomplishments of your desires here and upon the superlative good taste shown in the design selected.

I deeply appreciate the friendly expression of your chairman. I have always had a most affectionate feeling toward the people of North Carolina, partly due no doubt to the fact that my forebears came from North Carolina into Tennessee in the early days, but this feeling crystallized when as a boy I heard my father tell of the heroic action at Chickamauga of a regiment in his division from North Carolina.

Address

By WALTER MURPHY, *Salisbury, N. C.*

Your Excellency, veterans, ladies and gentlemen:

A few days ago I stood by the bedside of a gallant gentleman, a brave soldier and a cherished friend. The beckoning finger of Eternity was marking his earthly span. The crossing of the river loomed in the near distance. Soon all that was mortal of him would return to the mother earth from whence he sprang.

"You must go to Gettysburg," he said, "and bear my message to my old comrades. I will not be there in the flesh, but my spirit will be with you. Will you go?"

I am here to do his bidding.

Baldy Boyden now sleeps in the land of the South; the land for which he fought and lived. Just a few short hours ago we laid him upon her bosom under the shade of the oak, the emblem of his strength, and the laurel, the emblem of his honor; while overhead the breezes through the branches seemed to sob and sigh a gentle miserere.

This beautiful memorial is in a large measure due to his devotion, courage and persistence.

North Carolina was slow in going into the Union. Deliberation has always marked her course. It was months after the inauguration of General Washington as its first President that she cast her lot with the new-born Republic! and then only upon the agreed condition that the Bill of Rights be incorporated in our organic law.

She was slow to leave, and did so only when she believed that her sovereignty as a State had been violated. From Bethel until Appomattox, where North Carolinians fired the last shots of Lee's army, she gave all she had to the Confederacy in men and wealth, in sacrifice and devotion.

We have met here today to honor the deeds and memory of her sons who fell on this battlefield; sons who, with undaunted courage and stainless honor, made the supreme sacrifice.

North Carolina soldiers constituted more than one-fourth of the Confederate troops in the battle of Gettysburg.

Up yonder slope, into a withering maelstrom of shrieking shells and deadly bullets, marched the flower of our Southland. It was incomparable; nothing in history surpasses it; DeSaix at Marengo, Cambronne at Waterloo are its nearest approaches. That slope ran red with blood. Over the ramparts bristling with cannon surged North Carolinians to death and defeat. It is sacred ground, baptized and consecrated with human life.

On this and a hundred battlefields should be erected monuments bearing the Spartan inscription, "Go stranger and Lacedaemon tell, that here obeying her behests we fell."

On the crest of that ridge sixty-six years ago the constellation of the Southern Cross commenced to wane in the firmament of nations, fading each day until it passed forever beyond the sunset's radiant glow into the realm of glorious history from the field of Appomattox.

To my mind the Confederate soldier is one of the most gloriously pathetic figures in the world's history. He fought for a belief, and fought with a courage and devotion never surpassed in any army among any people.

He gave all and lost all, save honor, in defense of a cause which he held dearer than life and which he believed was just; and, when it was over and the god of battles had decreed against him, he accepted the result with a fortitude which characterizes the noble and the brave.

I can see him fighting above the clouds at Chickamauga, dying in the bayous at Vicksburg, charging up yonder slope; in victory and defeat; in it all and through it all, he was a splendid and heroic figure.

I can see him, bearded man or beardless boy, who, when his country called, donned his suit of grey, shouldered his rifle and marched forth with heart attuned to the strains of "Dixie" to fight for and, if need be, to die for the sake of home.

On a hundred battlefields thousands of them sleep; sleep in graves the sod of which was turned by the bayonets of their comrades. Sleeping in sweet peace eternal, there they await the coming of a new life.

Those who survived the awful conflict went back to the land they loved; ragged, penniless, heartsore and weary, back to desolate homes and blackened firesides. They accepted the result in the spirit of their great chieftain, Lee, and with resignation and fortitude sustained by indomitable courage and hallowed by memories they set themselves to the task of rebuilding an empire.

The old South with its romance and glamour had passed; new conditions had arisen; civilization had entered a new phase. The task was great, but what a wonder they wrought.

Today the South is a land of happy and contented people; a land as beautiful as the vale of Cashmere; a land of thrift, industry and plenty; a land which offers apologies to none for its past and glories in its record.

And you, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, a few survivors afloat on the face of the Deep, the whole world honors and respects you, your own people love and idolize you, your deeds are recorded on the imperishable tablets of Time; in war you made a record which is the proud heritage of your country, in peace you have shown mankind how to survive and gain victory from the ashes of defeat.

At Appomattox when the Bonnie Blue Flag was furled forever you came back into the Union never to leave it. At El Caney, at Santiago, at Cardenas you gave your sons to the Union.

In the great conflict across the seas, when the peace and happiness of the world were at stake, your grandsons went in companies, in regiments, in divisions—all giving true and heartfelt allegiance to the flag of the United States, the emblem of freedom and the symbol of unity, the ensign of a united country, an indissoluble union of sovereign states. And let us hope that the flag of the United States, which is our flag, shall be the inspiration and hope of humanity and that war shall cease to be and never again show his grim visaged front to the children of men.

And, finally, to you, gallant remnant of that brave army of Lee and Jackson, of Johnston and Hill, of Stuart and Hoke, may the peace of the everlasting God, the peace which passeth all human understanding, come to each and all.





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